

Good 644 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Mostly about Mails —Sto. Bob Marchmont

WHEN we called at 22, the relatives of other lads on Florida-street, Glasgow, your wife had a slight accident at Christmas when delivering the mail at the Victoria-road G.P.O., but the plaster is off and the foot is doing fine.

Granny is now much better and getting up every day, and she sends her love.

Your wife says she is keeping your bed well aired so that you can have a good mike when you return, which she hopes won't be too long.

L.A.C. W. Patterson was asking after you when your wife saw her last night and she says all the girls you used to know have been posted.

Your wife is longing to go to the "Kingsway" Cinema with you again, and Mrs. Robertson was asking after you.

Your wife sighs for those evenings at the "Wellington."

Well, your Queen of Trippers wishes to send best wishes to all the boys and she hopes you are not slipping with all those lovely girls you meet (may be) in every port.

Postscript.—Mrs. Marchmont gets news of you from

Voice in Turret Started Revolt of 1,200 Convicts

STUART MARTIN
continues the
Story of
Gunman
DANNY
DANIELS

WHEN they drove Danny Daniels, on the afternoon of Nov. 30th, 1928, from Colorado Springs to Canon City prison, they fastened him up with handcuffs and an Oregon boot, the latter locked to his right leg.

On either side of him was an armed guard, and in the front seat, beside the driver, was Chief of Police of Colorado Springs, Hugh D. Harper. They were taking no chances with Danny. Every man was armed but him.

It is roughly fifty miles' journey through green valleys and steep slopes of the mountains. Canon City is perched on a high plateau, mostly hemmed in the Rockies, and the prison is built on the slope of the north hills, its back and north wall abutting them.

All around the penitentiary are red sandstone walls thirty feet high, four feet thick. The buildings are, roughly, a rectangle. On each wall are stone turrets overlooking the grounds. These turrets are look-out stations for guards who patrol at regular intervals, each guard armed with a rifle. When a guard's turn comes for this duty he takes the stock of the gun up a steel ladder with him, opens a drawer and finds the barrel, which he fits to the stock. Then he is ready for anything.

Now, I had it from Chief Harper that when the wagon carrying Danny Daniels topped the last rise and the massive building came into view, Danny had gritted his teeth at the sight and muttered "Not for long!"

The result was that when he was driven to the administration building they lost no time in having him "mugged," printed and classified, and turned over to the guard captain of the cell house. He was no longer Danny Daniels. He was Convict No. 14,277.

Warden Eugene Crawford, head of the prison, watched the new convict being taken away to his place. So did Chief Harper; and the latter said, "Gene, that's a tough egg. You'll have to watch him."

"I'll watch," replied the Warden, and later passed the word along.

I didn't know then, but I learned some time afterwards, that in Canon City prison at that time was James Pardue. I met him only once outside gaol, and that was when, in New York, some time previously, I had attended a police station where James P. was being questioned. He was the finest-looking boy I ever saw, and that means a lot.

Wavy hair, perfect features, smooth skin, gray eyes, wonderful teeth, the girls all fell for him. I never was surprised at that. He was just handsome; but he was what the cops called a "habitual criminal."

The time I met him after the occasion of the police station incident was when, one windy morning, I swung round the nose of the Flat Iron Building facing Madison Square, and nearly bumped into someone coming the other way.

Simultaneously we stepped back; and there was James Pardue, strikingly handsome as

ever, on his toes, eyes glued to my face. His hand dropped to his jacket pocket, he was still on his toes, and I couldn't say I saw him edge back, but he was a yard from me when he said, "Say, are you a dick?"

His eyes were pretty grim then, and his toes were still putting him another foot or 'wo away.

"Just a newspaperman, Jimmy," I said.

He laughed, and his hand came away from his pocket. "Sure," he grinned, "that's right. But for a minute..."

He asked me to have an ice with him, but I was in a hurry, and we parted. I knew his record all right.

His regular alias was Walter Holub. As a boy he had been in the Missouri Reform School. Then he was committed for shoplifting. Liberated on parole, he went back about 1920 with a five-year sentence for burglary. He escaped two months later and kept lying low until 1922. This time he got another five years. He had progressed somewhat. The charge was armed robbery.

They sent him to the Missouri State Prison, where he escaped again, but he was lifted for another armed robbery and went to prison once more. They held him until 1924 or 1925, when he managed to escape, and ran out to Colorado.

And there, having held up a drug store and taken the cash, he was caught and given a ten-year-or-life sentence. And that meant Canon City prison. When he was lodged there he told the Warden he wouldn't serve it all.

They say like draws to like, so you can guess that Danny Daniels palled up with James Pardue as soon as they spied each other.

There were two others in the prison of a like character. They were Alf Davis and Red Majors, both "incorrigibles." The four made a nice quartette, all game, all with guts, all at war with the law.

I remember Majors. He was sly. When they got him in Denver, trying, or allegedly trying, to break into a bank, he had a gun in his possession. At his trial he was asked to explain the gun. "Why," says he coolly, "I come from the East States, and I expected to find Red Indians in Colorado, so I brought my gun along with me."

The court laughed uproariously—and gave him twenty years to think it over.

You see what I'm telling. All these young men had received severe sentences. Some judges thought the way to stamp out crime was to hand it out in life sentences. And then there was another thing that helped towards the Canon City terror.

The Governor of Colorado, William H. Adams by name, had announced that he would never give a pardon, never would let a convict out on parole. That was his method of taming the desperadoes. He reiterated that attitude just about the time Daniels was sent to Canon City.

News travels fast, but bad news is always ahead of good news, especially in prisons, and when the word came to Canon City that Governor Adams determined to keep to his views at his second term there were murmurs. After all, what had convicts to live for if not for the hope of a parole, or a pardon?

Danny Daniels, James Pardue, Davis and Majors were kept unloading steam coal from railroad trucks in the yard. There was discontent in every cell, in every tier. Rumours came to the Warden that weapons were being smuggled into prison. The coal was

searched. No guns were found. The cells were searched. Still no guns. But a few knives were missed from the kitchen. These were never traced.

And then, during the summer of 1929, a strange calm sowed out the rumours. Guards who had felt jumpy grew easier in mind. The Warden felt that a crisis had passed. And then—

On October 3rd, Elmer Erwin, a guard, walked up the steel ladder to the crow's nest to watch the convicts as they gulped their mid-day meal. Erwin carried the stock of the gun, reached the turret, took out the barrel, fitted it, broke it to see if it was loaded, and watched the mess.

He saw the convicts leave the hall and form lines.

From another turret, another guard, M. H. Goodwin, watched also. There was some commotion in the mess hall. Two men were missing. They were Daniels and Pardue.

While guards searched for them, the other convicts formed up to march back to the cells. Erwin thought everything was all right. He broke his rifle, put the barrel in the drawer, and began to descend the steel ladder.

He was halfway down when a voice from below said, "Shorty, I'm sorry, but it's you or me. And I can't afford it to be me. Say a prayer."

That was Danny Daniels talking. He gave Erwin half a minute; then bang! Guard Erwin toppled, dead.

Guard Goodwin in the other turret thought he heard the shot. He peered out, trying to account for it. He saw the convict line swaying. He saw something else. Two men ran for the mess hall across the yard.

Goodwin knew then that something was wrong. He lifted his rifle and got a sight on the first convict racing. But he didn't fire—not at that convict. For Goodwin saw another come out of the hall with a rifle. The rifle was poised, levelled at Goodwin.

The guard moved his rifle to get a bead on this armed convict. The two rifles spoke together.

Goodwin fell back, fatally wounded. He did not see that his own shot had caught his killer, who leaped high, then crashed on the flagstones, the rifle beside him.

Twelve hundred convicts broke rank and raced for the prison buildings. No order now! Bedlam!

The Canon City penitentiary revolt was on!

A.B. Bernard Goodyear—They're Making Foot Comfort for You

YOUR Mother, Father and brother Harold, A.B. Bernard Goodyear, were all mat making when we called to see them at 923, Pershore Road, Selly Park, Birmingham.

Dad is now on his second mat, and he is doing some splendid work.

Bob nearly barked the house down when we arrived. Like the rest of the family, he longs for his master. Your mum says Bob seems to "look for you" every day.

Your girl Doris was up at your house a few weeks ago—she says she longs for you to return home.

Your Father had to give up his N.F.S. part-

time work. There's nothing for him to do there now, so he spends most of his evenings at home making those rugs.

There is still plenty of work at the surgery, which your mother looks after. While we were there, after surgery hours, the telephone rang several times, so you can see your Mother still has plenty to do.

There will be some lovely carpets for you to sink into by the time you return home. Here is a picture of the whole family rug making.

They send their love, and with a special message from your Mother to "add heaps of kissing."



BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish...
BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

British Boys Hit the High Spots

TIN PAN ALLEY

No. 3. By Martin Thornhill

A GOOD many song publishers were once composers themselves. Peter Maurice did not start music publishing until 1931, driven thereto by the decision that, as he could not persuade a publisher to take up his compositions, he would publish them himself.

At first he dealt only in his own stuff, but, infected by the romance of music, he moved into the Street of Song, and plunged deep into the business. After set-backs he decided to specialise in British songs, his first big success being "Isle of Capri," written by Jimmy Kennedy and Will Grosz.

Another enormous hit was "Red Sails in the Sunset," a product of the same team. Kennedy also teamed up with Michael Carr and published through Peter Maurice one of the first big attractions of World War II—"The Washing on the Siegfried Line." It was Maurice who gave us Manning Sherwin and Eric Maschwitz's "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square."

Peter Maurice was the first British firm to sell a catalogue in its entirety to America—and that, the American industry being what it is, was in the idiom of that land, some feat. The only deviation this firm has made from its policy of exploiting British songs is an interest in American "hot" music.

"In the Mood" has sold regularly every week for some four years 3-4,000 copies—400,000 to date. In due time

Peter Maurice plans to fly his banner over Prague, Berlin and Vienna. And good luck to him.

One day, during the first World War, Ivor Novello took to Ascherberg's (a firm whose roots reach back to 1878) a song which can now be called one of the imperishables—"Keep the Home Fires Burning." Yet songs of Emmett Adams, published through this firm—sensations like "The Bells of St. Mary's"—were very close runners-up.

The production, "Maid of the Mountains," followed by "The Southern Maid" and other daily successes such as "The Girl in the Taxi" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," were just a few of the valuable properties to the firm so ably launched by its indefatigable founder, "Eugene," in the tradition which has brought it such good fortune.

How one man after another came to launch his ambitions through the beaming rays spread by the melodic sun which warms the Street of Song, urged thither by the compelling call of music, would itself fill a book.

Bert Feldman was a Yorkshireman who always attached himself to the music halls. Once he bought from an artiste a song called "All in a Row." Another artiste sang it at the old "Middlesex"; it was a sensational hit, and Feldman decided to move to London and try to find some more.

That was in 1894, since when he has published many song hits, but none that has



beat the phenomenal success "Tipperary," which French peasants used to think was the British national anthem. Sold by its composer, Jack Judge, to Bert Feldman for £5, it proceeded to make a fortune for its new owner who, I understand, decently agreed to settle upon Judge a weekly payment for life.

A comparative newcomer to Tin Pan Alley is the firm of Campbell, Connelly. It built itself out of radio and talking pictures. Formerly the procedure was to print a song and then circulate it among the better-known music hall artists, like Harry Lauder and

Nothing succeeds like success, and here is Noel Gay proving it—for not only did the song, "Lambeth Walk," bring him a tidy fortune, but these four lovelies taught him to dance to his own tune.

Talbot O'Farrell. By this method, combined with concentration in promising quarters, the song, at long last, "ignited."

But radio provided a much swifter and wider medium; in broadcasting you had something that communicated itself like gas or electricity. A worthy song, caught up on the wings of radio, often streamlined to popular acclaim overnight.

Yes, literally, overnight. Towards the end of 1938 Lupino Lane's show, "For Me and My Gal," was put on the air one evening in place of another which had had to be cancelled. Next morning there was a quarter-mile queue for the same show, which was playing at a theatre that evening.

It played to packed houses at £4,000 a week, and subsequently brought Noel Gay a sizable fortune for his song,

"The Lambeth Walk," for which one night on the air had achieved mountains more than could have been done by years on the stage alone.

Campbell, Connelly, enabled by the new medium to start in a modest manner with small, unpretentious quarters, were soon competing seriously with the established firms. "Show Me the Way To Go Home," to (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Vint is a sweet drink, Dutch windmill, Russian card game, dress material, French pickle?
2. How many new pennies weigh one ounce?
3. How do you pronounce the towns of Hautbois and Covenhope?
4. Who painted the famous portrait of Mrs. Siddons?
5. Who discovered radioactivity, and about when?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Doreen, Dinah, Theodora, Dorothy, Dora, Dolly.

Answers to Quiz in No. 643

1. Green.
2. Six days.
3. "Book-ly," "Chom-sen."
4. Sir John Everett Millais.
5. Roger Bacon, about 1250 A.D.
6. Enough doesn't end with a vowel sound; others do.

HUMOUR

THE degree of culture and social standing of a people can be seen in its humour. Those who cannot laugh will never enjoy life, nor will those whose only idea is making a living, without pausing to see the funny side of things.

Humour very rarely makes sense. English humour is less nonsensical than Continental, and again both are different from the American, which is characterised by sardonic understatement. The Slavs like their humour with a spice of malice; the Hungarians like it seasoned with a dash of paprika; the Germans run to clownish rudeness in telling people what they think about them. The English have a weakness for humour, and this weakness is part of their strength, because it makes us laugh to see how much sense we have missed.

A Jew laughs the first time he hears a good story, and then he laughs again because it is funny. A Chinese smiles because he possesses in the highest degree a cultural understanding of human weaknesses.

Jokes are like one's hair—difficult to keep. But without jokes you will never understand the deeper and more serious side of our lives. As the British say, it takes a wise man to play the fool. Personally, I prefer the fools because they are so amusing, while clever people make fools afraid of their cleverness.

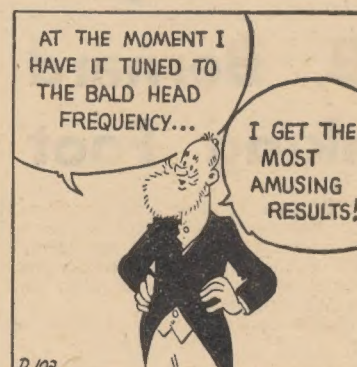
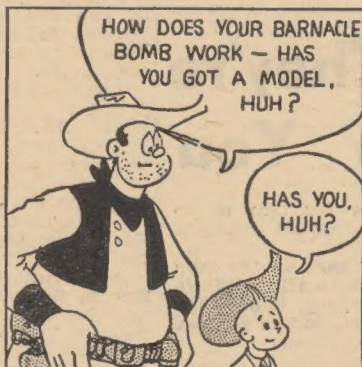
Without wit, without a sense of humour, we shall never be able to express that small amount of truth which is in us, so let us be witty and merry when we can. There is nothing funny in the study of the origin of wit, its meaning and its significance in the story of human development. The whole point of a witticism lies in its brevity.

In these hard days humour and good temper are as essential as the other things we are fighting for. Humour gives us an escape from the realities of the struggle, and so equips us to go on with it. The British have learnt to adapt themselves to many things, and so have the Continentals. But American humour remains individual because it springs from both the Continent and Britain, and is a combination of the mentalities of the Old World as well as the New. Without all these shades of meaning the humour of the different peoples would have no point.

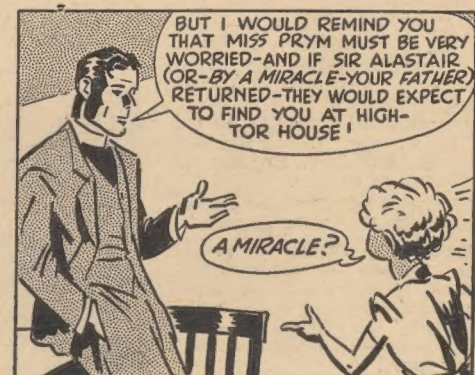
Variety is what brings colour and life into our grey existence, and if we wish to enjoy life we will find it a help to know what makes our fellow men laugh. For laughter is a strange and contagious disease, a "disease that cures but never kills."

Alex Cracker

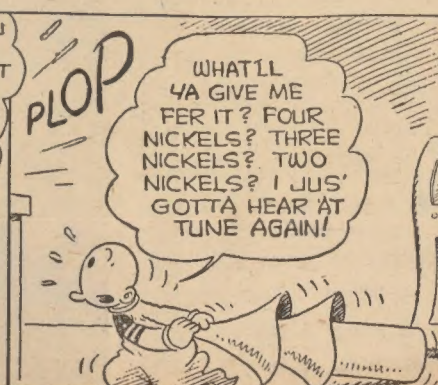
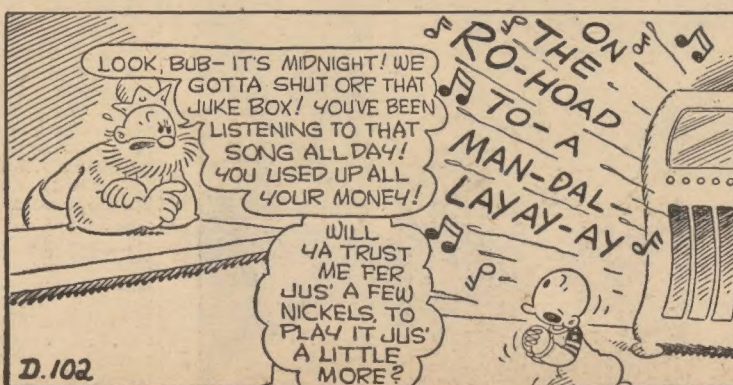
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 583

- 1. Behead anger and get consume.
- 2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?
Team sinoop samn si neo tenhora snam.
- 3. What girl's name has Me for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order:
He is a sort of puritan, and always — of Church —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 582

- 1. D-rav.
- 2. Everyone to his taste; chacun à son goût.
- 3. GwenDoline.
- 4. Rime, mire.

JANE



TIN PAN ALLEY

(Continued from Page 2)

which we have referred before, and which was this firm's first great publishing success, sold well over a million copies and at least two million gramophone records.

Then came "Talkies," another quick popularising medium, which this Company used to its immediate advantage. Generally speaking, the reaction of other publishers to the new intermediums was conservative, but from the outset it has been the policy of this young concern, which owed its very birth to broadcasting, to employ exclusively the modern mediums of radio and the talking film.

When broadcasting was approaching full blast, there came over from America to join Campbell, Connelly a free-lance of the name of Irwin Dash.

Wright and remained there for 3½ years.

Five years after his arrival in England, Dash formed the Irwin Dash Music Company, in partnership with Reg Connelly, where he has, to use his own idiom, "acquired a reputation for publishing 'corny' songs."

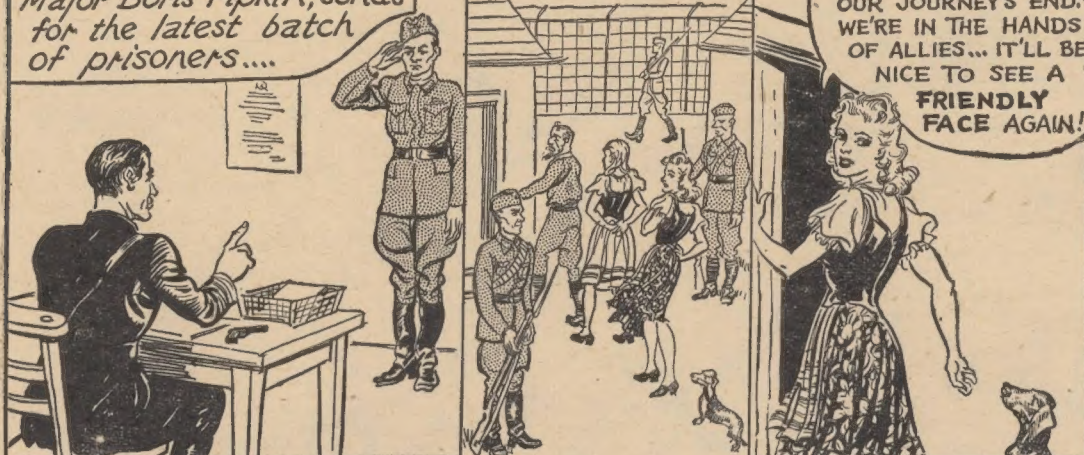
Some of these have been the biggest sellers England has ever known — among them, "When the Poppies Bloom Again" (600,000 copies), "Old Faithful," "Wheezy Anna," "We'll Meet Again" (signature tune of Vera Lynn), and "There'll Always Be An England," which to date has achieved a total sale in England alone of half a million copies, and is still being bought to the tune of three to four hundred a week.

USELESS EUSTACE



"And remember, a billet's like a house, a place for everything and everything in its place!"

The camp commandant, Major Boris Pipkin, sends for the latest batch of prisoners....



Very Hot Air

Air-minded Sweden has produced another highly successful aircraft design. This time for post-war sporting market. The plane has no name as yet, a 60 h.p. engine, 125 m.p.h. cruising speed, and can dive at 370 m.p.h. — a terrific speed for such a low-powered job. It has been approved by Swedish air authorities.

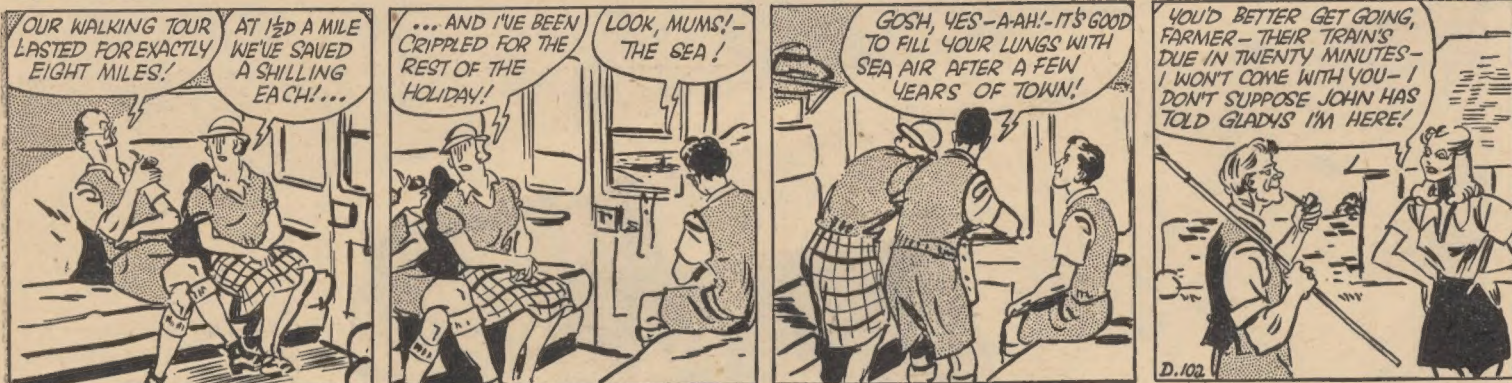
Egypt's King Farouk has been presented with a special Avro Anson by the R.A.F. in Egypt. Ansons have seen service throughout the war as Communications and Advanced Trainer aircraft.

Latest American night fighter, Northrop's P (for Pursuit) 61, commonly called "Black Widow," follows the vogue of having a remotely controlled turret as dorsal armament. Turret has four 0.50in. machine-guns. They say "Black Widow" is so tough it can lick several times its own weight in anything flying.

Formidable British "Task Force" in Far East includes Carriers "Indefatigable," "Indomitable," "Illustrious," and "Victorious." These carry squadrons of Seafire III, Fighters, Fairey Firefly reconnaissance fighters, and American Gruman Avenger bombers, each the best in their class.

Peter Vincent

RUGGLES



GARTH

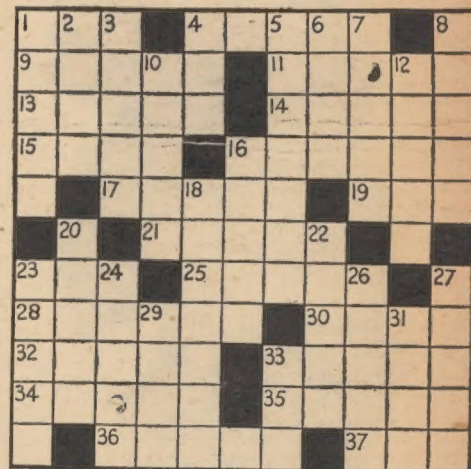


JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

STIFF TOMES
ORDAIN WANT
NIECE SERVE
GOAT CASSIA
S LOCAL HEM
L ROWAN D
LEA MEDAL S
INDEED TUBA
START RIPEN
PIGS LEVIED
SLEET PENNY



GLUES ACROSS.—1 Outcry. 4 Due. 9 In front. 11 Girl's name. 13 Piece of ground. 14 Wearies. 15 Wade across. 16 Dance. 17 Part of Arabia. 19 Row. 21 Gone up. 23 Obstruct. 25 Tree. 28 Settle. 30 Yarn. 32 Brown. 33 Fishing-boot. 34 Heating apparatus. 35 Otherwise. 36 Girl's name. 37 Unfold poetically.

GLUES DOWN.—1 Golf club. 2 One of U.S.A. 3 Non-total. 4 Unusual. 5 Chanted. 6 Tack. 7 Triangle-shaped. 8 Wild ox. 10 Tree. 12 Deserve. 16 Hemmed in. 18 Boy's name. 20 Servant. 22 South African province. 23 Male singer. 24 Yorkshire spa. 26 Broadcasting. 27 Poems. 29 Elasticity. 31 Spring. 33 Method.

Good Morning

National Swimming Champ becomes Mickey Rooney's Sweetheart! There you are, you gals who go down to the sea in slips—perhaps Esther Williams' success will act as an added spur!



"But I mean to say, my good fellow, that bellowing is preposterous. What's biting him, I'd like to know. If this continues I shall ask Nurse to dust him with Keatings instead of Fullers' earth."



"I'm laying for her. And one of these days I'm going to 'do' her. If I hear any more cracks from that stuck-up Ship's Cat, just watch the fur fly. That's all. Just watch!"



Demonstrating how they "take the can back" in Kenya. She's a M'Giriama girl, and all we can say is, that it serves her right!



"Say, do you know this joint? It's a speakeasy along Broadway. When you go there, ask for Al, and mention the Babe sent you. Al will see you get treated right" — Cancel that message, it seems we made a mistake. It's Broadway all right, but Broadway, Worcester, Eng. And the pub is the Lygon Arms.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"It's just his eyesight, pay no attention."

